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I will guarantee that my Rhequatism Cure will relieve lumbago, sciatica and all rheumatic pains in two or three hours, and cure in a few

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RAILROAD TIME TABLES

† Daily; all others daily except Sunday, Central Standard Time CLEVELAND, AKRON & COLUMBUS Union Depot, Market St.

Going North. Columbus express From Millersburg only Columbus fast mail...... Going South. No. 27 Col.-Cin, fast mail No. 28 To Millersburg only No. 28(1) Col.-Cin, express (71) ... ERIE RAILROAD CO.

Erie Depot, Mill st. Time Card: Dec. 11, 1808. Going West,

No 1† Express
No 5† Limited vestibule
No 15† To Akron only
No 18 Huntington special (††)
No 3† Pacific express
No 37 Accommodation Going East.

C., T. & V. R. R. Going North: How, St. Union Depot. Depot. 6:45 añ 9:20 añ 1:10 pm 5:13 pm 8:25 pm 6:25 nm 9:05 am 1:00 pm 1:55 pm 8:15 pm Going South. 8:42 am 12:01 pm 4:20 pm 10:54 pm 7:35 pm PITTSBURG & WESTERN R. R. Union Depot, Market street.

by the fire.

BALTIMORE & OHIO. Union Depot. | No. 5† Vesthule limited | 11:15 am No. 5† Vesthule limited | 11:15 am No. 7 Akron-Chicago fast mail | 10:10 am No. 47‡ Chicato express | 7:50 pm Arrive from the west.
6† Vestibule limited No. 6† Vestibule limited 6:05 am No. 40† Pittsburg express 6:05 am No. 8 Chicago-Akron fast mail 8:10 pm THE NORTHERN OHIO RAILROAD. Depart-No. 1 No. 11

Arrive-No. 2 No. 12 WHEELING & LAKE ERIE RY.

pmi 1:20 4:25 4:40 4:54 5:19 5:48 Toledo (Union depot)_Lv 7:15 5:48 5:48 pm Ar 3:25 No 44 Ly 5:30 am 10:30 am 8:30 12:55 pm 8:30 12:55 pm 9:20 9:20 9:15 10:30 Wheeling LV 5:30 am 10:00 am Valley Junction 8:00 12:55 pm Massillon 8:50 1:55 pm Massillon 9:25 pm Massillon 9:25 2:39 Lodi 9:25 2:39 Lodi 10:30 3:25 Spencer 10:15 3:18 Toledo (Union depot.) Ar 1:20 pm 6:39 H. J., Booth, General Traffic Manager, J. F. Townsep J.

J. F. Townseph, Assistant General Passenge Agent.

AKRON, BEDFORD & CLEVELAND R.R. Waiting Room, North Howard St. Time Card. May 27, 1809.

Cars leave Akron 5:30 a.m., every half our; 6:30 a.m. until 7 p.m. and at 8, 9 and 10:30 p.m. Leave Cleveland 5 a.m., every half hour 6 a.m. until 8 p.m and at 9, 10 and 11:10 p.m.

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through sleepers. Only 24 hours to Jacksonville; 54 hours to Havana. All agents sell tickets via the Southern railway. Round-trip tickets to principal southern resorts.

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mittances may be made in stamps or Address all communications on this

subject to W. A. TURK, General Passenger Agent, Southern Railway, Vashington, D. C.



LITTLE TIM, THE PIPER.

'I can pine, too," he said Do you know how a child's eyes look when he has just learned how beautiful this vast world is, when he feels his wings ifke a bird, ere the heritage of the sons of toll has dimmed them? So Tim's eyes looked that winter night. He opened the door of the smithy where the members of village orchestra sat at practice round the blazing forge. Every man paused, in-strument in hand, at the sound of the fearless, shrill young voice.

Then, smiling, Tim shut out the drift-

ing snowflakes and stepped into the room.

The small feet were shoeless and dark as

rose a face such as God sends into a dark

world now and then. Noble were the fea-

bonny face, you blithe e'en!"

echoed his words.

ding, then of Piper Tim.

lution curved his lips.

And Piper Tim?

there no campfire.

"When he comes again," he said.

Try Allen's Foot-Ease.

"When he comes back again," the

his gray hairs and his many years of plod-

Then he trimmed his lamp and sat down

But the boy's face smiled from every

"He plays as a bird sings," he thought

"His heart is full of music.

the earthen floor on which he stood. The

Tim," say they. Occasionally a strange presence seems to fill the place. The smith and the school master raise eager faces, words tremble on their lips, but-ah, the fancies that are ever a stumber in dreamers' hearts have been stirred by the wind's song and the shadow of the dancing flames.—Exchange

pipe to his lips. He played a tune that

softly still. Tim was asleep. The snow-flakes fell like bristling stars, the dawn

smiled over the hills, but Tim piped never

child less crouched to the fire, one brown

hand less stretched to the steaming pot

When the musicians meet in the smithy

on winter nights and the wind shakes

weird nielodies from trees and moun-tains, the men look at each other, and

sometimes a light breaks over rugged

faces. "Sounds like a tune from Piper

Little recked the tinker band that one

egan bravely and ended softly and more

WOMAN'S LIFE IN UTAH.

ome of the Mental Auguish That Is

clothes he wore hung round his slim form in grotesque tatters, but above the tatters No Mormon woman will talk from tures; the sweep of the blue eyes was clear ter heart to a stranger, notably and and grand; the curve of the lips was proud, yet sweet. From the beautiful +sentially when that person is a genbrow waved hair, tawny and sun kissed, tile, (in Mormondom, every one who is and am on which the glistening snow shone like not a Mormon is a gentile.) for she stars. The men had scarcely time to look knows by sad experience that this at the child when, raising his pipe to his would but increase her sufferings. Of lips, he began to play. The wonderful all sacrifices that have ever been exacteyes shone; the slim, brown fingers obeyed the impulse of the grand soul imprisoned in tiny Tim. Strong men laid aside their instruments and clasped horny hands to grow the superstance of the single, leving heart of true wife and mother in the name of religion, none can equal those of polygamy, which these wevers were taught would listen. Here and there a face shadowed, which these women were taught would Now and then a tear was furtively wiped be practiced through all eternity, as it was "the celestial order of heaven." an Tim smiled as he took the pipe from his eternal law.

lips, and his eyes turned wistfully to the Under its baneful influence a wife blazing fire. They made way for him. lived in the same house with her husroyal estate. A small, three legged stool was his throne, and he sat there, pipe clasped close, as happy as a king. He told them where he had been of band, surrounded by their children, a lonely, disconsolate woman. The confidence and respect that should have them whence he came, as far as he knew. united their hearts, made one their in-"Over the hills," he said, "far, far over terests, is first defiled and then destroythe hills." They called him Piper Tim in ed. She early learns to be silent and the caravan, never another name. He had observing. After their evening meal, if

Then he laughed and stretched his thin, brown hands with joy to the blaze. He could tell nothing more. He belonged to the "tinker band," and the sound of music where he is going. But that fear that she sees her husband make as careful had drawn him so that he lingered to lis ever abides in the heart of every Morten while the caravan went on its way over | mon wife eats, cankerlike, at her vitality The smith's wife admired the child's

She may try to drive these thoughts lovely face. His tatters brought tears to her eyes. Womanlike, she gave him to eat and to drink. Then they sat once more what the sat once more that the sat once more than the sat once more that the sat once more than the sat onc amazed while he played on his pipe ere, they may deceive their wives, my hus-with laughing farewell, he went off into the darkness. That night the smith sat not deceive me." Up almost to the hour long dreamingly by the red logs in his that she is expected to go to the "enforge" He sighed as he turned in at the downent house" and place the hand cottage door, where his wife awaited him of the second wife in that of her hus- it played. The beauty of the case had "How would it ha' been," he said, "gin band she gives her hungry soul this we'd kept that little chap, the piper? Our bairn would just ha' been aboot his age must awaken to the fact that no man No. 3 Western mail. 11:53 nm | So. 37 Chicago expresss 7:25 pm | There was a note of anxious query in his tone, but the starved mother's heart in the woman cried out:

No. 9* Cleve. Express, at. C. T. & V.

R. Howard st. station 9:30 am sequently must be obeyed

"El, but I've been sittin here seein the bonny face o' the bairn in the firelight. I But if any gentile woman will try thought o' him out there in the darkness an the snaw wi' the tinkers folk. God keep an guide him. I wish ye'd spoken band were to tell her that he is soon to Keep him! Would I ro', wi' you bring into their home a second wife to usurp her place in the family circle, share her husband's affection, come besmith said as he drew his chair to the tween her and the man who had been hearth, and his wife, with a glad smile. her all in all for so many years, that woman will have arrived at a full, per-The schoolmaster placed his old violin tenderly in its corner that night. He smiled a little bitterly as he thought of Mormon woman suffers.—Arena.

WEATHER FROGS.

Small Living Barometers Which Are Imported From Germany.

Attached to a glass sided box seen in a page; the free, fearless voice was in his bird store window was a placard markears; the blue, pure eyes shone in the crackling flames. The schoolmaster flung aside his book and was back in the old ed lengthwise of it and nearer the top ed lengthwise of it and nearer the top days, when the hills and the stars and the than the bottom, like the higher perches eyes his heaven and the world a world of in a birdcage, were a number of the wonders. He looked at the empty chair of weather frogs themselves. Some just his dead wife, and he thought of sons and then were brown, and one was green. They were little tree frogs of a kind "If I had kept the lad," he mused aloud, found through Europe, those in the 'I could have made a man of him, have window having been imported from saved him from the tinker's life, He window I would have filled my empty home."

When full grown, these tiny tree Long he dreamed; then a smile of resofrogs may be little more than an inch in length. They take the color of what-* ever object they may be resting on-He went on his way that night, turn- brown for wood, green if on a leaf; ing again and again to look at the long. placed in a blue glass jar they will be-bright gleams that fell on the snow from come blue. They may be heard but not were camping in the mountains, and to the mountains and the darkness he turn-el his face. These were less than the whatever they may have perched uped his face. There was singing in his heart, there was always singing there, so cause at the approach of rainy or he went on his way merrily. Up, up, changeable weather they jump into the through the blinding snow, neither cold water, at the approach of clear weather nor weary for the singing in that heart of

they come out again. his, he watched always for the gleam of the red campfire, but he beheld never a in a glass jar or globe, which is cover-In captivity the weather frog is kept The stars shone out serenely. Tim ed at the top with a wire screen. Waraised his face to them. They smiled into ter is put in the bottom of the jar, and their twin stars, his eyes, yet still was at a convenient height is placed something for the little frog to jump up on Tim, growing sore, sat down in the The weather frog in captivity is fed on sheltered crapmy of a rock. He raised his flies in summer and in winter on meal worms. Its food must be alive. Weather frogs sell here at retail for 20 cents apiece Considerable numbers of them are brought to this country .- New York Sun.

Wood Compressed by Water. "Have you ever seen a bit of wood that you couldn't burn?" said an old

sea captain to me the other day. "Why, lots," I replied, "the brier root, for instance-at least, if it's good -ironwood, too, and one or two others. "I don't mean those," he said. "But have you ever seen a lot of common deal that fire had no effect on?" He pulled from his pocket a morsel of what looked like white Norwegian deal and handed it to me. I was surprised at the weight "Put it in the gas flame," he

said. I did so, but beyond a blackening of

the surface there was no effect. "That bit of wood," went on the skipper. "was part of the gunwale of one of my boats. We were whaling in the South seas and harpooned a big right whale off the Cape of Good Hope. The creature sounded, the rope fculed and the boat was carried down. Probably it was taken half a mile or more below the surface. The whale rose again and was killed, and a portion of the boat was recovered from the line which still hung to it. It was the pressure of the water bardened it like that.' -Baltimore Herald.

The Decisive Test. "Your friend has a wonderful mem-

ory."
"Marvelous!" "Never falls him." "I don't know about that. I never saw him on the witness stand."-Washington

Look Pleasant, Please! Adalbert-And so I am the first man Guinevero—Yes, Adalbert; the others all took the initiative.—Chicago News.

Allcock's

Perhaps you sometimes use a porous plaster? But do you use the best one? And do you know which the best one is? The one whose reputation covers 40 years, and whose record of cures and wonderful popularity gave birth to the scores of imitations. And which is this? Why, Allcock's—the plaster they all try to imitate, and the one you want because it cures. It cures by absorption and does not irritate the skin or cause

+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+ THE CLOCK.

The clock stood between the two cheese presses, against the wall facing the window, and from the first it had the air of being the most important piece of furniture in the room. But it was only when I became more used to the ways of the house that I fully realized the part that gained my respect at once—the fine and delicate inlaying of brass in the polished wood, the brass dial plate, with its quaint engraving of sun, moon and stars, the eautifully wrought iron hands. Those had the homage that was their due long before I learned the sovereign power of the old clock itself. Everything about the house was regulated by it. The animals outside listened for the stroke of the hour before they began their clamors. Georgie had a different tune for every quarter that it struck of the allotted time for churn-ing. If the clock said 9, the family went to bed, though my watch only pointed to 10 minutes past 8. But they were wise in their generation, for they knew the old

It was exactly the same if an appointment

had to be kept or a train caught

subject. He admitted that the old clock was "a bit faster than other clocks," but he could not see that it was any the worse for that, and as for its being set half an hour fast-well, it might be fast by my they kept in that part. No, he couldn't body went by station time, not even the trains. Farmers couldn't trust to station to feel great pride when he wore his favery long since the day his mother had first intrusted him with it and had watchhis sister in the old spring cart. Perhaps was that of "bringing back the time." It one of bringing home the sacred fire, and it could scarcely have been performed sucessfully save by the old silver watch and the eldest son of the house.

my look of surprise, she went on apolo toward the end of the week on having dinner an hour earlier than you ordered it. a lad. He's not like John. I never

There was an attitude of contemptuous pity in the household for the people whose clocks did not keep the same time. I had easier. No; we've never let it run down an unavailing argument with John on the since then,"—Speaker. could remember. Station time? Oh, no-Cheshire. John was still young enough ther's watch on market days. It was not ed with anxious eyes as he drove off with the most important duty on market day was a function as serious as the ancient

"You see, he had to bring back the time," his mother explained; then, seeing

naster's watch, but John was always old for his years. They are good children, all of them, but I should not like to see any of them but John bring back the time and

wind the clock."
"The life of the farm seems bound up in the old clock," I said musingly. "If it stopped, I think the whole thing would come to an end.

Mrs. Pimlott stood silent for a moment, and, as I glanced at her, I saw the shadow of a memory cross her face. "It did step once," she said at last, "many, many years ago. Our master, you know, he died when they were all little ones—John and Ann and all. He was ill a long time, weeks and months, and I could think of nothing, care for nothing, but that. I scarcely remembered that I had children in those days. And near the end my baby sickened and died. I had always been fond of my babies till that time, but I never cried when she went. I think I hardly noticed. I think-I would have let all the children go if I could have kept him a bit longer, and afterward-I never took no notice of them nor of anything. It wasn't that I cried or took on. I was never that sort. Neighbors came in, and some one must have minded the children and the stock and that, for they didn't die, but I never took notice, and at last some one went to the vicar, and he said he'd come and see what he could do, and he talked very kind and said I knew where to lay the burden and how the world was full of trouble. And the words were like pebbles against the window. 'And your little children, Mrs. Pimlott,' he said. You must rouse yourself for the sake of your little ones. And when he had gone I sat there trying to think what it all meant, and I thought of the children, but only to wonder why they were there. And suddenly I looked at the clock, and I saw that it had stopped, and I thought how vexed our master would have been to see it, and in a minute something came over me like a flood, and I broke down and cried-well, I can't tell you how I cried. And when I came to myself a bit I felt something pulling at my apron, and there was John and Ann had crept in, and the poor little mites were crying too. Andwell, the clock stopping like that somehow made me see things different. Our mas ter was always that particular about the clock And after I'd wound it up and set it going-well, the rest seemed to come

I wish that some one would write an adequate book upon superstition and time or London time, but it was the time its effects, as distinguished from and opposed to revealed religion and its say who started it nor when it was started. It had always been like that as long as he lized or savage, deserves a worthy chroneffects. This curse of the world, civijeler. Walking round the exhibits in the Agricultural hall, it was borne into time. And church time was something between. It was all a matter of custom. bideous phases is perhaps the most conbetween. It was all a matter of custom. hideous phases is perhaps the most con-In Ireland, he understood, they were half trete and tangible form in which the an hour slow. That wouldn't suit in evil one manifests himself upon earth, and I think that those who have mixed much with native races will not disagree with me.

Here is an instance of its working given gas pressure, the requiwhich has just come to my notice: Not site volumes of gas and air long ago two Matabeles were tried at to insure perfect combustion Bulawayo for the murder of their grandson, a child of 2. Poison having failed, the boy was held beneath the water and drowned. The crime was admitted, but the defense raised was that the child cy and greatest economy of had cut its top teeth first. Such chil- gas consumed. Once, during harvest, there was a question as to whether Georgie might not be luck to others, it was customary to kill dren being unlucky and the cause of ill be no doubt in any one's mind that he consulted, had ordered that this one could dispose of the butter and eggs, but should be put to death! Well, only a at last, though the pressure of work was century or so since we did things almost as bad in England. - Rider Haggard in Longman's.

An Added Burden

I was taking my dinher one day at a of the Cumberland river, and the lady of the house, who had four children playing around the front of the estabwas, inclined to renine at hard luck in having so much work to do.

"I run this here whole farm," she said in a tone which indicated that she was ready to resign.

"How many acres have you?" I in-"A hundred and forty-20 in wheat,

60 in corn, 10 in medder an paster, an the balance scatterin an woods.' "Got any stock?" "Ten head uv cattle, two cows, six

hogs an work critters for the place." "And you run the whole business?" "Indeed I do-every hide an hair uv it," she sighed.

"Don't you hire some help?" "In course, but 'tain't hired help that takes the load of en a body." There was philosophy in that statement, and I paused a minute.

"Haven't you got a busband?" I pext asked with a good deal of sympathy. "Yes," she responded very slowly, "but I have to run him too."—Washington Star.

He Got the Fees.

Sagar, the verger of Halifax parish church, was quite a character in his way. He figured in several good stories in Dean Pigon's "Phase of My Life." On one occasion a bridegroom discovered after the service that he had no money with which to pay the fees. Sagar went to the bride in his most

winsome way and asked her: "Hast ever seen Black Bibles? We've a rare lot on 'em in this 'ere vestry."
"No," she replied, not having the "No," she replied, not having the faintest idea of what a Black Bible was. "Coom along. I'll show yer them."

He lured her into the inner vestry. "There's the Bibles," he said, point ing to them, locked up as they were in a bookcase with glass panels, of which he had not the key. "Wait awhile till

I come back." He turned the key of the vestry on the bride and, going to the bridegroom said, "Lass is all right, but you'll no have her till you have paid." The "brass" was immediately forth

coming. A Happy Introduction.

An Englishman who is an enthusiastic Alpine clubbist came in one night to carry a friend off to a lecture which the veteran mountaineer Whymper was giving at Westminster on his pet theme, "Twenty Thousand Feet Above the Sea." The friend could not go, for he was otherwise engaged, but Whymper's name reminded him of a story of Sir James Linton, the late president of the Royal Institution of Painters In Water Colors. He had to introduce the well known artist E. M. Wimperis to the Alpinist, and he did it in the following fashion: "I want to make two distinguished men known to each other. The one is Mr. Whymper, the other Mr. Wimperis." For an impromptu this is

In the Restaurant.

Browne-Waiter, bring me a dozen sters on the half shell. Waiter-Sorry, sab, but we's all out of shellfish, sah, 'ceptin aigs. - Roches-

Rheumatism

is a disease of the blood. Local applications may furnish temporary relief, but to CURE the disease it is necessary to treat it

Locomoter Ataxia

is a disease of the nerves. The one successful method of treatment is by a remedy that will restore nutrition to the nerves. Such a remedy is

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FRANK LONG. Sworn to before me at Venice, Mich., this 15th day of April, 1898. G. B. GOLDSMITH, Justice of the Peace.

and it comes to the same thing."-Detroit

Frank Long, who lives near Lennon, Mich, says: "I was first taken with a pain in my back. The physician pronounced my case muscular rheumatism, accompanied by lumbago. My disease gradually became worse until I thought death would be welcome release.

"I was attacked by what I learned was iccomotor ataxia. Two skillful dogtors did everything they could for me. I became worse, could not move even about the room. I did not expect to live very long.

"The turning point was a newspaper article. It told how a man, who had suffered as I, had been pile. Before the first box was used I could get about the house, and after using five boxes was entirely cured. Since that time I have fein no return of the rheumatic pains. Am confident that Dr. Williams Pink Pills for Pale People. I took eighteen boxes of the pills before I was entirely well. I owe my cure entirely our, williams Pink Pills for Pale

The full name is on each package. Sold by all druggists, or sent postpaid by

Dr Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N.Y. Price 50c. per box; 6 boxes, \$2.50

"Spare me!" pleaded the trembling "Very well," replied the cannibal,

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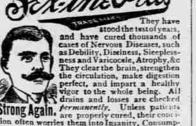
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any annoyance.

By J. T. Kingsley Tarpey.

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before 2 in the morning. On Saturday night the greatest ceremony of winding took place, and in the earlier part of that day the clock set all inferior timekeepers, including the sun, at defiance. It usually gained from 20 to 25 minutes in seven days, and as it was al-ways set half an hour fast you could count toward the end of the week on having

tyrant would have them out of bed again

great, it was John that went.

DR. MOTT'S NERVERINE PILLS The great remedy for nervous prostration and all diseases of the generative organs of either sex, such as Nervous Prostration, Falling or Lost Manhood, Impotency Nichtly Emissions, Youthful Errors, Mental Worry, excessive use of Tobacco or Opium, which lead to Consumption and Insanity. With every \$5 arder we submade to cure or refund the monty. Sold at \$1.00 per box AFTER USING. 6 boxes for \$5.00. Dec. MOTES CHEMICAL Co., Cleveland. Ohio For sale by J. C. Day & Co., 216 W.Market st.

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The Misses RFIL'S

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